

marriage. He was over 35 years old when his oldest son was born and over 42 when the youngest was born. His wife was about 10 years his junior. The name "Jay" was used so often by all the family and friends that it was accepted and passed on to his grandson as such. One story told about him was that his father, Archibald, had a young black boy working on the farm the same age as Jay. The two of them acted up and Archibald spanked both of them.

Without a doubt, Cudin Jay was responsive when needed. A particularly telling effort on Lizzie and Jay's part was during the flu epidemic of 1917. The epidemic hit the community hard as it did in many places. The oldest son, Arch, was in school at Wake Forest at the time and Curtis was still at home. By some miracle, none of the four had the flu. To help look after the neighbors, every morning Lizzie would get the house going while Jay went down town to buy supplies for her to make soup and bread to take to the neighbors. Curtis was not in school because of the epidemic so his job was to leave a bucket of coal on everyone's porch and collect the ashes they left from the day before. Then at midday, Jay and Curtis would deliver food to everyone. So many people died and were sick that funerals often had to be postponed -- there were not enough people who could walk under their own power to be pallbearers. After many weeks, people slowly recovered and the neighbors wanted to repay them for all the food. Jay refused payment saying they were just thankful they could help. Lizzie and Jay did allow the neighbors to give Curtis a gift of a baseball, bat and glove which was pure gold to him.

His granddaughter Sue recalls his son, Arch, telling about Jay and his pride in being able to take a young, poor looking horse and feeding it and training it to be one of the finest buggy horses around. She wishes he could have lived longer and shared some of his horse stories with Jerry Flanagan and her. They are both horse lovers. Arch recalled him trading for such a horse, giving up an older, well-trained buggy horse in the trade. Arch questioned the trade until his father fed and trained the horse and ended up with a similar horse but a much younger one.

Another granddaughter, Clara recalls her father, Curtis, telling how Jay bought one of the first automobiles in the township. The car was bought in Greenville and Curtis at age 11 was instructed on driving the car home. On the way home they passed the Davis home where a young friend, Elizabeth had been stricken with polio and was having trouble breathing. Jay had Curtis show the men how to drive the car so she could be taken to the hospital. They had to walk home to Curtis' chagrin because he couldn't show the new car to his mother, Lizzie. The chagrin was short lived, as Elizabeth was Curtis' friend and playmate.

A complex man, Jay was also a thinker and any autocracy on his part was a product of being strong willed and well meaning. Patriarchal societies and times seem to produce that kind of person. Did he dictate his decisions and judgments or did he take time to explain them? If you think that has changed all that much, maybe you should talk to the sons of the present day patriarchs! Mothers, even in those days, probably had a much greater influence than the fathers might care to admit. That's a good thing!